

the movements of the King of Greece was received in London about ten days ago, when he attended a thanksgiving service at St. Paul's on March 8 to celebrate the fall of the fortress of Janina. Crown Prince Constantine is still at Janina with the Greek army, which he commands and which took possession of the fortress.

Queen Mother Alexandra, who is King George's sister, has not received any news of the event.

NEWS A GREAT SHOCK TO WASHINGTON'S OFFICIAL CIRCLES.

WASHINGTON, March 18.—The Greek Legation here had received no official word of the assassination of King George up to 3 o'clock this afternoon and the press report caused the greatest surprise and shock. Members of the legation spoke of the King as greatly beloved by his people, this sentiment having been further developed by his active part in directing the affairs of Greece through the recent critical affairs of the Balkan conflict.

The State Department was similarly without any official advice.

KING GEORGE BROTHER OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA, WIDOW OF EDWARD VII.

King George, in the fiftieth year of his reign over a people alien to him, was at the height of his triumph and the summit of his popularity as "the Fighting King" when death came to him. Through his long years of ruling over the Greeks George had forgotten his Danish birth and was thoroughly Greek in thought and impulses.

George I, King of the Hellenes, as his official title had it, was born in the royal palace at Copenhagen, Denmark, Dec. 24, 1845. He was the brother of the late King Frederick VIII. of Denmark and of Alexandra, the widow of the late King Edward VII. of England. His early life was that of the other royal children in the palace of the Danish capital and he reached the age of eighteen with no unusual happening to mark his career.

Then came the sudden event which changed his whole life and made him, of a sudden, the young King of the alien people. Greece, always turbulent since the yoke of the Turks, had been thrown off early in the nineteenth century, had just driven out King Otto, a Bavarian, and the Powers, always guardians of the delicate affairs of the little states of southeastern Europe, prevailed upon the King of Denmark to allow his young son to become the ruler of the turbulent kingdom.

FORMALLY ELECTED KING AT ATHENS IN 1863.

He was formally elected King of the Hellenes by the Greek National Assembly at Athens, March 8, 1863, and he accepted the throne in the following June, his father acting as his guardian. On June 30 of that year the National Assembly formally declared George to be of age. On Nov. 2 he arrived in Athens and was crowned. He married Princess Olga, eldest daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine, who was the brother of the Czar, Alexander II. of Russia.

Six children were born of this union, the Crown Prince being Constantine, born 1868. Other sons were Prince George, born 1869; Prince Nicholas, born 1872; Prince Alexander, born 1873; Prince Christopher, born 1878.

King George's reign, never marked by any degree of tranquillity, encountered a crisis during the disastrous war with Turkey in 1877. The little kingdom went into the war against King George's best judgment, but he was carried away by the wave of militarism that swept over the impoverished country, not at all prepared to fight the then puissant Turk.

The burden of the overwhelming defeat fell on the shoulders of the alien King, and for a time it looked as if he would be driven from the throne. He contemplated abdication in favor of Prince Constantine, but the latter had gained the popular reputation of being the fastest sprinter in battles with the Turks and was not popular. George finally weathered the storm.

King George was often rated as an autocratic monarch, but in spirit he was democratic and did much for the prosperity of Greece, which advanced rapidly under his rule. He took great interest in the organization of the defensive forces of the country and with the assistance of the Crown Prince brought the army to the state of efficiency which enabled it to overcome the Turkish resistance at the beginning of the war.

CITY PAYS GAYNOR'S DOCTOR \$5,800 AFTER HIS SUIT FOR \$7,500.

Arlitz, Who Attended Mayor After Assassin's Shot, Had Been Re-fused Original Sum.

On motion of Alderman Frank L. Dowling, the Board of Aldermen today voted to pay Dr. William J. Arlitz of Hoboken \$5,800 for professional services to Mayor Gaynor in 1910 when the Mayor was shot by James Gallagher.

Originally the bill of Dr. Arlitz was \$7,500, which the Board of Aldermen cut to \$5,800. Dr. Arlitz sued the Mayor in the United States District Court at Trenton for the full amount of his bill. The jury awarded him \$5,800.

Alderman Curran and Downing of Brooklyn opposed payment, the latter declaring that \$19,000 had already been paid by the city to the Mayor's surgeons, and argued that the Mayor was not performing official business when he was shot the city should not be requested to pay the amount of the judgment.

Burke Loses His Appeal. ALBANY, N. Y., March 18.—The Court of Appeals today decided that Harry Burke of New York, indicted for murder in the first degree, is not entitled to have the testimony on which the indictment was found reviewed on a writ of habeas corpus. Burke was indicted jointly with three others for killing John C. McManis.

SAYS CHILDS FLED THROUGH EUROPE IN FEAR OF PURSUERS

Lydia Robinson, Millionaire's Companion, Testifies He Dreaded Kidnapping.

LEFT HER BIG LEGACY.

Detectives He Thought Were Chasing Him Were Phantoms, She Intimates.

How Irving W. Childs, millionaire spendthrift, fled from hiding places in Europe and America, during three years before his death, in terror of phantom detectives and in fear of being kidnapped and brought back to New York to his wife and baby, was testified to-day by Miss Lydia Robinson, sworn as a witness in the Surrogate's Court in the suit of Childs' widow to recover the bulk of her husband's estate.

Miss Robinson is "my friend who was with me in Spain," to whom Childs left a trust fund of \$15,000. She was subpoenaed by Mrs. Gertrude E. Childs, the widow, to tell what part Frederick H. Childs, a lawyer, played in Childs' distribution of his estate. The widow was left little of the estate, while Childs was made executor of Childs' will and received a legacy of \$75,000.

Questioned by William M. Bennett, Miss Robinson frankly admitted traveling from Mexico to Europe and to Switzerland, Monte Carlo, Lucerne and the Riviera with Childs, as "Mr. and Mrs. Henry Low." She gave her address as Chester Manor, Kent Island, Maryland, and said she first met the noted Broadway spender in Mexico City, Jan. 27, 1908.

CHILDS THOUGHT DETECTIVES WERE FOLLOWING HIM.

"Mr. Clarke joined us in Europe about June, 1908, and traveled with us throughout the continent," she said. "Mr. Clarke generally did the registering at hotels and changed our names frequently."

"Why did you allow him to change your names so often?" was asked.

"Mr. Clarke explained to me," Childs' brother, Everley, and Mrs. Childs, his wife, had detectives following us all the time. They wanted to prove Mr. Childs was insane, he said. After Mr. Childs left us and went back to New York, we got letters constantly and frequent cablegrams, warning us to leave this country and to watch out for detectives."

"How long did you remain near London?"

"Nearly two years, but we made frequent trips to reports on the continent. We returned to America in June, 1910. We were met at the Hoboken pier by Mr. Clarke, who told us this was the very worst thing for us to do. He said we should have remained in Europe, as Mr. Childs' family was sure to find us here. We went to Philadelphia and later to Washington, and Baltimore. We also went to my home at Chester Manor in Maryland."

SAYS CHILDS PAID MONEY TO GIRL MOTHER.

"Were there any detectives following Mr. Childs that you ever learned of?"

"I did not know; I never saw any," returned Miss Robinson. "When we got back to America Mr. Childs began to have his doubts about some of the things Mr. Clarke was telling him."

"Did he mention any specific instance of doubt?"

"Yes," she said. Mr. Clarke told her a Florence Shaughnessy of Philadelphia, with whom Mr. Childs was once on friendly terms, had become the mother of a child. He said Mr. Clarke told him Miss Shaughnessy would be taken care of and that it cost money. Then Mr. Childs told Mr. Clarke he did not believe the young woman was alive, and therefore saw no reason why he should go on paying out money for her. But Mr. Clarke said he had letters from the girl's mother to prove what he said, and that unless Mr. Childs continued to put up the money to provide for the child Childs would get into trouble."

"The incident was reported to the city and county officials, who already have taken steps to learn who supplied the liquor."

BISHOP GOT WHISKEY.

Thirsty for Water He Asked Hotel Porter for a Drink.

LAWRENCE, Kan., March 18.—A hotel porter's mistake in assuming that a Methodist bishop who complained of being thirsty wanted whiskey instead of water has started an investigation that probably will lead to exposure of persons here engaged in the illegal sale of spirits.

"I am thirsty, please get me a drink," the bishop said to the porter, who showed him to his room in a local hotel yesterday.

"Certainly, sir," replied the porter, as he hurried away. Five minutes later he returned and handed the churchman a bottle of whiskey.

The bishop, who reported to the city and county officials, who already have taken steps to learn who supplied the liquor.

KEENEY LEFT \$3,000,000.

Widow of Millionaire's Estate in Trust Under Son's Control.

The will of Ruth L. Keene, the aged Brooklyn millionaire, who died March 13, disposing of his estate valued at \$3,000,000, was admitted to probate today. The will leaves the mansion at No. 22 Clermont avenue, and \$20,000 to his son, Frank A. Keene, a lawyer.

A \$20,000 bequest is made to his daughter, Ruby H. Keene, \$50,000 to his sister, Ruby H. Watkins of Black Walnut, Pa. \$25,000 each to Mrs. James Pearson and her daughters, also of Black Walnut, and \$25,000 to Mrs. Teresa Varin for "kindness and attention to my daughter Ruby." The residue of the estate is left in trust to Frank A. Keene.

Maxine Elliott, 42 Years Old; Man of 30, Said to Have Wed Her



DRIVER FOR AUTO BANDITS CONFESSES THEFT OF THE CAR

(Continued from First Page.)

Hundred and Forty-fourth street, where Newman was blackjacked, but confessed that he had worked with Taylor in the theft of the car from R. J. Brown of No. 55 West Twenty-fourth street.

Quinn and Loeb were both identified by witnesses of the assault on Newman as having been in the car which sped off after the blackjacking of the Bronx cafe keeper.

The case against Taylor grows with each passing hour. One of the twenty victims of auto bandits who visited Headquarters today in the attempt to pick out of the eleven prisoners one or more faces of their assailants was John Poppa of the firm of Poppa & Gray, who was hit over the head on West Seventeenth street on Sept. 23 and robbed of \$1,891. Without a minute's hesitation Poppa picked Taylor out of a line-up, saying he was the man who stood in the back seat of the automobile as it was speeding away from the scene of the holdup and deliberately fired at the pursuing policemen and crowd.

TAYLOR IS FIRST FOUND TO HAVE A RECORD.

Clerks in the Douglas shoe store at Fourteenth street and Broadway, which was robbed on a busy Saturday night, will also go to Headquarters in the hope of picking out the men who did the trick.

Joseph Taylor, the doorman in young fashion plate, who "came through" with a boastful partial confession under police pressure last night, was the first whose record was found in the neatly tabulated data of criminals' physical characteristics. Taylor's record was a short one. In March, 1910, under the alias of Adams, he was arrested for petty larceny on the complaint of the Knickerbocker Steamship Company, but escaped imprisonment on a suspended sentence, being a first offender.

Charles T. Loeb, the man involved by Taylor in his confession as the one who helped in the larceny of R. J. Brown's automobile, was found to have been arrested in 1907 for burglary and discharged for lack of evidence. On Jan. 3, 1908, he was again arrested on a burglary charge and sentenced to six months in the penitentiary.

Philip Comisky, whose real name is Joe Kelly, and who was one of the six men arrested, together with a woman, in a furnished room house at No. 34 West Thirty-third street last night, has the longest record of any of the prisoners. Doughty expected Miss Alice Brannan, cashier of the Brooklyn branch of the Prudential Life Insurance Company, who was bound and gagged in her office at No. 24 Flatbush avenue on Oct. 26, to identify two of the prisoners, but she could not do so when taken to Headquarters this afternoon.

ACTRESS IN TOMBS CELL.

Dorothy Dale, at one time a well known actress, was surrendered by the bondman this afternoon at the Criminal Courts Building and locked up in the Tombs to await trial on an indictment charging her with grand larceny.

The indictment was found early last winter, and she has been at liberty on bail furnished by the Fidelity and Security Company. Her trial is set for next week. The bonding company became suspicious she was preparing to flee and turned her over to the District Attorney.

Mrs. Louise Morrell of No. 142 West Forty-ninth street alleges the actress stole her \$500 gold mesh bag from a saloon at Seventh avenue and Forty-ninth street Feb. 2, 1911.

RELATIVES DOUBT MAXINE ELLIOTT HAS BEEN MARRIED

Forbes-Robertson and His Wife, Sister of Actress, Say They Would Know if True.

LONDON, March 18.—If Miss Maxine Elliott, former wife of Nat Goodwin, married A. F. Wilding, English tennis champion at Nice, she neglected to tell her relatives about it.

Maxine Elliott is forty-two years old and Wilding is thirty.

Johnston-Forbes-Robertson, the actor, who is Miss Elliott's brother-in-law, today said he had not heard of Miss Elliott's rumored marriage, and Mrs. Forbes-Robertson, who was Miss Gertrude Elliott, younger sister of the actress, was positive that the report was not true.

"I have heard nothing from Miss Elliott about a wedding and I do not believe the story is true," was Forbes-Robertson's comment.

"If Maxine were married, I would surely know of it," said Mrs. Forbes-Robertson.

An American newspaper published a story that Miss Elliott and Wilding, wintering on the Riviera, slipped away to Nice last Saturday and were married.

ONE KILLED, TWO HURT WHEN EARTH SLIDES IN N. Y. CENTRAL TUNNEL.

One Driller Crushed Under Mass, With Two Others Seriously Injured.

A slide of rock in the New York Central cut at Fifty-seventh street and Park avenue instantly killed a laborer this afternoon and seriously injured two other workmen. The injured men were taken to the Emergency Hospital in Grand Central Station, where the doctors said they would recover.

Drillers and blasters are engaged in widening the cut at Fifty-seventh street, which is fifty feet deep. The slide occurred at the top of the cut on the west side of Park avenue. A great mass of rock slid into the excavation.

Half way down the slide struck two drillers and knocked them to the bottom of the cut. A workman sharpening a drill at the depth of the excavation started to run when he heard the rushing sound above, but he was too late. The mass caught him and crushed him to death.

The man who was killed was Tony Lavacelli, forty-eight years old, of No. 25 West One Hundred and Seventy-third street. Angelo Sereno, twenty-two years old, whose home is in East One Hundred and Forty-ninth street, and John Hughes, forty-two years old, of No. 55 West Twenty-seventh street, are the men who were injured. They were taken to Flower Hospital. Each has a fractured hip.

BOUND TO RAILWAY TRACK, MAN IS SAVED WHILE HE WAITED FOR DEATH.

Victim of Thug Owes Life to Alert Engineer, Who Stopped Train 100 Feet From Where He Lay.

POWELLVILLE, N. Y., March 18.—Bound to the rails, with the rumble of an approaching freight train growing in his ears, Night Operator Martin of the Pfifford station of the Pennsylvania Railroad, five miles below here, lay waiting for death just before dawn today. He had been attacked by two white men and a negro, trussed up and securely fastened to the northbound track. As he lay helpless he could feel the rail to which he was bound begin to hum and vibrate under the far-off beat of the heavy freight's wheels. He struggled in vain to free himself, and finally, with fearful resignation, gave up the fight and lay listlessly to the swiftly approaching train.

Then came the blast of the engine's whistle, blowing for signals. It flashed over the helpless operator that he had just one chance for his life. Not getting any answering signals from the semaphore the freight engineer stopped, under the rules of the road, to see what was the matter.

Martin knew by experience that some engineers would and some would not obey the letter of the regulations. He knew that Engineer Seifried was driving the through freight and had a reputation for carefulness. Martin put all his trust in what he had heard of Seifried and prayed that he would not fail.

His faith was justified when he heard the short whistle blasts for brakes and the creaking screech of the grinding wheels down the track. Seifried stopped his train a bare 100 feet from the helpless operator.

Martin could give no reason for the aid upon him. He said he had never seen the men before.

KING ALFONSO SICK.

MADRID, March 18.—Court officials, it is hinted, no longer can hide the fact that King Alfonso's health is in a precarious state, and an order issued today forbidding the taking of snapshots pictures of His Majesty, is generally accepted by the public as confirmation of recent rumors.

It is feared that the young King's lungs are seriously affected, which causes little surprise, as his father died of tuberculosis. Those who have seen King Alfonso lately are impressed by his haggard appearance and stooping shoulders. He walks with a trailing gait, tires easily and looks years older than he should.

Killed in Coal Shaft.

Stanley, thirty-five years old, of No. 472 Hamilton street, Long Island City, was killed while helping to unload coal at the dock of the East River Gas Company, Webster avenue and the East River, Long Island City, today. He was caught in the shaft of the elevator and was crushed to death by the coal that poured down upon him.

BROOKLYN BRIDGE IS SOLD FOR \$500; MR. HOOPS BUYS IT!



Type of Cop Hoops Was to Share.

(Continued from First Page.)

one of them paid a nickel into his coffee.

"Don't it?" cried the fine gentleman with the fine diamond. "I ought to be taking in \$5,000 a day and I'm not getting more than \$2,000. I'm disgusted with New York. I'm going away. I'd sell out the bridge tomorrow for \$500."

"You do dat?" cried Hoops.

They went back to the saloon and had some more of the third rail variety of sardonic delight. A man came in carrying a big sack. The fine gentleman was very gruff to this man. He demanded to know what made him so late. The man was very sorry, but he said the crowd was very large that night and he rolled out of the sack what seemed to be a million dollars worth of nickels. The eyes of Mr. Hoops were as large as his name. He reminded his friend of his offer to sell the bridge for \$500. The new found friend was a dead game sport. What he said always went. But he said he wouldn't give him any longer than noon next day. By 8 o'clock the following morning Karp Hoops was the owner of the Brooklyn Bridge. And it had only cost him \$500.

Hoops went up to the bridge and, all swelled up, told a policeman about his purchase. The cop was going to pinch him. Then he took compassion on him and said tersely:

"You've been trimmed."

Mr. Hoops said: "Gee, I was mad!" Then he got a job in a barber shop uptown. He would make more money. But he had the investment bug in his bonnet. He confided to a very nice gentleman, who was his best customer, that he had money to invest. The fine gentleman said he would see what could be done. Next day he told him in a whisper where to meet him that evening.

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"Say," he said to Mr. Hoops of Amsterdam, when they were alone in the dark. "I've got the biggest thing on earth. Through my influence with Tammany, I've got an option on a contract to shave the policemen of New York. There's ten thousand policemen here and it's a rule of the Department that they must get shaved every morning. A hundred dollars will cinch the option."

"Can I get in?" asked Mr. Hoops.

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PLAYING HIDE-AND-SEEK THREE-YEAR- OLD GIRL RUNS OFF STEEP INCLINE IN GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Unable to stop herself after scurrying down the steep stairs in the balcony of the Grand Opera House, Brooklyn, today, three-year-old Beulah Silberstein shot over the rail and landed in the orchestra, fifteen feet below, where she was picked up dead.

The child's parents are caretakers of the theatre and live next door, at No. 16 Elm place. With her brother, Samuel, six years old, Beulah was playing hide-and-seek in the empty theatre, while Jacob, nine years old, swept the lobby. Sammy had hidden under front seats in the balcony and was calling to the child, who located his voice and sped down to find him.

Beulah disappeared over the rail and landed on the backs of the orchestra chairs. Sammy ran down and saw the body quivering, and, being afraid of Jacob, fled without telling what had happened. It was half an hour later that Jacob, missing the children, went home to find Sammy wide-eyed and whimpering. On hearing the story Jacob began to cry, which attracted his mother and a score of women neighbors, who dashed across into the theatre, where they found Beulah dead.

BABY KILLED BY PLUNGE OVER RAIL OF BALCONY IN BROOKLYN THEATRE.

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trembling in his knees. He tried to figure out what shaking 10,000 policemen every morning would mean, but it was beyond him. But next morning he got the option. He never shaved that customer again. He told the boss about it and the boss said:

"You've been skinned."

NEXT HE PLANNED TO MARRY AN HEIRESS.

Mr. Hoops of Amsterdam was pretty mad by this time. He was getting wise, though. He went to a Socialist meeting and there he met a pretty fine fellow. They were fast friends in two days. The itch of investment was rubbing again. He told his friend about it. "What do you want to invest for?" demanded the other. "That isn't the way to make money in this country. What you want to do is to catch an heiress. There's a million young and beautiful women worth millions of dollars, who are crazy to marry a title. Can't you dig up a title in your family?"

"Sure!" cried Mr. Hoops. "A hundred years ago there was a count in my family."

"The very thing. Come with me. I'll fix you."

Miss Marie Astergoot, he told him, lived up on Fifth avenue. She was a good catch. And they went up to Fifth avenue. They met the charming creature.

"Miss Astergoot, Count von Hoops?"

The blushing heiress was charmed. The mutual friend led them and she took him to a lobster palace. How she did eat!

"Oh, how awkward!" she suddenly exclaimed. She had forgotten her check-book and she wanted to send her maid a hundred dollars. Did he have a blank check? No, he confessed, he didn't. But he had something just as good. He had the color of his good of her. She called a messenger boy and they had more cats and more champagne. Oh, how delightful! When they were going out she got lost from him in the crowd.

Next day Hoops called at the Fifth avenue mansion and called for Miss Astergoot. They threw him down stairs. He took a fright of it all and the friend said:

"You've been flimmed!"

"Trimmed, skinned and flimmed, I was," said Mr. Hoops to-day as he sailed away.

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Accept no substitute. If your druggist cannot supply you, send 25c or 50c to the Musterole Company, Cleveland, Ohio, and we will mail you a jar, postage prepaid.